TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Brave Little Pig.

'There were eight little pigs near a farmer's door—
Round little fellows as you ever saw;
White over pink was the dress they wore,
And the belle of the village could scarce do more,
Though she slept on a mattress, with blankets four,
And the pigs lay snug in the straw.

'The farmer came to the sty one day,
Where the young ones frolicked from side to side;
Rosy and cozy and plump were they,
And Mrs. Pig slept in a motherly way,
With one eye open to watch their play,
And the eye was bright with pride.

A neighbor came from beyond the mill
While the farmer stood thinking of which and what.
"Farmer," said he, "I've a sty to fill,
And a snug little trough, and plenty of swill,
And I'm free to pay whatever you will
And take my choice of the lot."

"Ahem!" said the farmer, "the nights are cold,
And eight would lie warm where one would shiver;
But then the creatures are six weeks old,
And so, if you'll pay me a piece of gold,
You may choose the finest, to have and to hold,
And take him across the river."

'The neighbor had rather a taking way,
So the pig was so-n in a basket tied;
He trembled and shrank in his nest of hay,
While the neighbor, nodding a brief "good-day,"
With a pig on his shoulder trudged away
Straight down to the water's edge.

'Then, stepping from stone to stone, he crossed,
For the stream was low, and the ford was good,
The pig on his shoulder was jarred and tossed,
And chilled by the breath of the morning frost,
But never a step of the way he lost;
He watched, as a brave pig should.

'Through the woods did the man with the basket go,
Quite out of sight of the farmer's door,
For he lived up the river a mile or so,
In a place where currants and grapevines grow,
And there was a pig-sty brown and low,
With plenty of straw on the floor.

So the pig was left in a house of his own,
Not crowded a bit by sister or brother;
'Twas the very first time he had lived alone,
And he said to himself in an undertone,
Partly a sniff and partly a groan,
"I wish I was back with my mother!"

At noon came a pitcher of milk, alack!
He drank not a drop of the little he saw,
For he knew, as he peeped through a neighborly crack,
It was not what he craved with a pitiful lack,
It was only his dinner, and so he crept back,
Further back, to his nest in the straw.

At night came more milk, in a plentiful dole,
And the pig drank a little with trembling heart;
For a plan had dawned on his homesick soul,
And so in the darkness he dug like a mole,
Till he found he could crawl through the new-made hole,
And at daylight was ready to start.

He ran through the woods on the gray leaf-mold,
He came to the river and crossed at sight.
Though his small feet slipped on the stones so cold,
And a boy tried to catch him, but missed his hold,
For this plucky young hero of six weeks old,
This brave little pig, showed fight.

When the farmer came with the morning's food,
He stopped, as oft he had stopped of late,
To count the young noses, if count he could;
And he said, "I fancied my eyes were good,
But here are the seven of last night's brood,
And that starved little chap makes eight."
—*Little Corporal.*

The Story of a Seed.

Once upon a time, away down in Georgia, a man planted a little seed. The sun shone warm on it, and the rain came and softened it, and it soon began to sprout. Day and night it grew, till it was high as a man's head. Buds formed all over it, and one night they burst into bloom. Beautiful cream-colored flowers they were, something like a morning-glory.

By noon the sun was too warm. The beautiful blossoms shut their leaves and hung their heads, and before night each cream-colored flower dropped off, where each one had been was a little germ. This little germ grew and grew till it was as big as an egg, when it burst open and threw out a long, beautiful fluff of cotton several inches long. It was a cotton seed, of course.

Then a man—a negro—came and tore the cotton from its boll, put it into a basket with others like it, and carried it to a room where were hundreds of pounds of cotton. In this room was a busy machine, and into that machine the cotton was thrown. This cotton, you must know, is full of seeds. Very troublesome little fellows they are, too, for they have no idea of leaving their comfortable home, and it's very hard to get them out.

I'll tell you how the machine does it. As the cotton goes in, it comes to a roller covered with wire teeth. These teeth seize the cotton and draw it through a sort of grating so fine that the seeds cannot get through, so they stay outside. As the roller goes around, it comes to a brush roller, which brushes off the cotton as nicely as any brush can do it. Then the cotton is packed in a bale, and sent to the cotton mills.

Now the cotton that came from the little seed away off in Georgia is by this time very dirty, and what do you suppose comes next? A bath? No; what's good for boys isn't so good for cotton. It gets—a beating. It is laid on a sort of net-work, and beaten with bundles of twigs. The dirt falls through the net-work, and then the cotton is called "batting."

But the cotton from the seed I'm telling about don't stop at batting. It is very fine and nice, and it goes to the carding-machine. This machine lays all the threads one way by drawing it through sets of wire teeth. It comes out on a roller, on which it looks like a wide, fleecy ribbon. But it don't keep that pretty look very long. It is drawn through a funnel, which makes it small and much firmer. It isn't fine enough yet, however, and it goes between another set of rollers. I wonder if there's anything that can't be done with rollers.

When it comes out pressed quite firm it is called roving, and is ready to be spun. You'll hardly believe me, but the spinning is done on a mule! It's a very peculiar mule, I must admit, made of wood and iron, and carrying twenty-two hundred spindles. So it spins twenty-two hundred threads at once, and is a wonderful machine, if it has a funny name.

It spins the loose roving into a much finer thread, slightly twisted. This thread next runs through a gas-flame to burn off the little fuzz, then over a brush to take off the ashes, and then through a hole in a brass plate just the size of the thread. Then it is wound in skeins, and put up in five or ten pound bundles.

After all these travels, the thread has a little rest before it starts through the last machine—the one that makes the soft cotton into the solid strong thread we buy on spools to sew with.

The skeins are wound on to bobbins, and put on the machine. Six of the threads start together. Look on a spool, and you'll read "Best six-cord cotton." That means, as I said, that six of these threads are united to make one sewing-thread.

But I must tell you how they go. First over a glass rod, and through a little trough of water; then between rollers to press them tightly together. Leaving the rollers, they go down, twisting as they go, to where a spool is fastened. There it is regularly wound on, firm smooth thread, while the spool moves slowly up and down as it winds, so as to make regular layers of it.

Now the fruit of the little cotton seed has become a beautiful spool of thread, ready for a useful life. Before it goes out into the world it is ornamented at each end with a round paper, gummed and stuck on by some child. The last paper is put over the end of the thread to keep it from getting loose, and then it is put into packages of a dozen spools.

You've seen fine thread, perhaps as fine as No. 200, which we use on sewing machines, but what would you say to thread No. 600, only one-third the size of that? And how would you like to see that cobwed thread actually woven into lace? At the great exhibition in London such fine lace was shown. And, almost as wonderful, a piece of muslin woven of thread No. 460. It was so delicate that when laid on the grass and wet it could not be seen. You know how large a roll of batting is. Well, it can be stretched out so as to be more than a thousand miles long. That is thread No. 2,100. It seems to be too wonderful to be true, but many fictions invented by poets and story-writers are not half so wonderful as many common things that every day pass under our observation.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fifty Questions and Answers.

An ingenious correspondent of the *Herald of Health* gives the following fifty questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The guessing of these questions will form a pleasant evening entertainment.

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of hill where there is no water.
3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers.
5. Represents the dwellings of civilized men.
6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Is worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belongs to a monastery.
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.
13. Always youthful as you see; but between you and me, he never was much of a chicken.
14. An American manufacturing town.
15. Humpbacked but not deformed.
16. An internal path.
17. Value of a word.
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other one.
20. A worker in precious metals.
21. A very vital part of the body.
22. A lady's garment.
23. A small talk and a heavy weight.
24. A prefix and a disease.
25. Comes from a pig.
26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
27. A sick place of worship.
28. A mean dog 'tis.
29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.
30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or an Hottentot.
31. A manufactured metal.
32. A game and a male of the human species.
33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?"
34. Meat! What are you doing?
35. Is very fast, indeed.
36. A barrier built by an edible.
37. To agitate a weapon.
38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright.
39. A domestic worker.
40. A slang exclamation.
41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her.
42. A young domestic animal.
43. One that is more than a sandy shore.
44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion.
45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.
46. A girl's name and a male relation.
47. Take a heavy field piece, nothing loth.
48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and and a bee, and a much beloved poet you'll speedily see.
49. A common domestic animal, and what it can never do.
50. Each living head in time 'tis said, will turn to him, though he be dead.

ANSWERS.

1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor. 5. Holmes. 6. Holland. 7. Hood. 8. Burns. 9. Abbott. 10. Southey. 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Campbell. 16. Akenside. 17. Wordsworth. 18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte. 22. Spencer. 23. Chatterton. 24. De Quincey. 25. Bacon. 26. Bunyan. 27. Churchill. 28. Curtis. 29. Proctor. 30. W. Savage Landor. 31. Steele. 32. Tennyson. 33. Willis. 34. Browning. 35. Swift. 36. Cornwall. 37. Shakspeare. 38. Crabbe. 39. Cook. 40. Dickens. 41. Stowe. 42. Lamb. 43. Beecher. 44. Milton. 45. Motherwell. 46. Addison. 47. Howitt-zer. 48. Bryant. 49. Cowper. 50. Gray.

"I'm a Temperance Boy."

Charles B. is a boy of 15, living in a Western town. He made his first journey to New York, and visited his relatives, many of whom he had never seen. In the house of one of his uncles he sat at a Sunday dinner where wine was drank by all—the parents, children and visitors. When it was presented to Charles he said:

"No, I thank you."

"What," said his uncle, "won't you drink wine with your cousin Nellie, who is so soon to leave for a home of her own?"

"No sir," said Charles, "I'm a temperance boy."

That was true bravery. Charles was among those he had been accustomed to respect, and the temptation would have been very great to many boys. His mother heard it, and said, "Charlie, I am proud of you."

Which of you would have done as Charlie did? You must learn to say no to everything that would lead you into harm. Better say no to those who ask you to drink even wine, for drinking wine gives a taste for stronger drink, and then a boy runs rapidly to ruin.

Sumner's Marriage.

His marriage was the most incomprehensible thing he ever did throughout his long and useful life. Mrs. Hooper was a very beautiful, brilliant and greatly admired woman, who moved in the choicest Boston circles. Her position could not have been augmented by becoming Mrs. Sumner, although her ambition might have been gratified, and she certainly forfeited her fortune. She was used to homage from men; her husband was accustomed to reverence from every one. She found him an absorbed man, only going into society for the etiquette of the thing. She was devoted to gay life, and drew around her a crowd of worshipers. When the Senator, weary from his duties at the Capitol, would at an early hour be ready to order the carriage, the madame was in the zenith of her enjoyments, and I have been told of several remarks she was wont to make to him before people, stinging to his self-love and mortifying to his pride. She is accredited with a high temper, over which she exercised not the slightest control. We cannot penetrate the causes which led to the estrangement, for Mr. Sumner never mentioned the matter after the separation, but who can tell what he may not have suffered? His death, so immediately following his wife's application for permission to marry again, is, by some, thought to be the effect of learning the above news, his physicians prophesying that any sudden excitement would prove fatal. Be that as it may, I pity her the remorseful feelings she is probably mistress of to-day.—*Washington Letter.*

Badly Sold.

A clerk in a book store in Louisville, where lottery tickets were sold, laid aside one for himself numbered 3,307. A short time ago the proprietor of the store received a letter from one Perkins, living in an interior town, stating that he had dreamed that 3,307 would draw the capital prize, and requesting said proprietor to purchase that ticket for him if it was to be had. The clerk stated that this was the identical ticket he had selected for himself, and thereupon pulled out his money and paid for it. He then wrote to Perkins that he could have the ticket for $600. Strange to say, the return mail brought an acceptance of the offer and a request that the ticket be at once forwarded to Perkins. This so excited the clerk that he backed square out, and declared he would not sell it for less than $1,000. He was soon astounded at the receipt of another letter agreeing to the terms and demanding the ticket. This so worked upon the nervous clerk that he refused point blank to sell it at any price, and for fear that the priceless ticket might get lost, he locked it up in a bank vault. The young man has just discovered that the whole thing was a hoax, played upon him by acquaintances, and, what is worse, has found out that 3,307 drew nothing but a blank in the "grand scheme."

Prodigious Mental Feat.

Mr. Rosenthal, the celebrated French chess-player, recently performed at Paris another of those surprising mental feats for which he is so famous. He played at the Palais Royal twenty-seven games of chess at once with that number of the best French and foreign chess-players. It was stipulated that Mr. Rosenthal should have only one minute for each move passing, along the twenty-seven tables in order. Of course each of his antagonists had time to study his game while Mr. Rosenthal was busy at the other twenty-six tables. It is quite unnecessary to point out the mental strain of keeping thus in mind so large a number of games at once, during the time they lasted, which was from 9 o'clock at night until 2 o'clock in the morning. The result was marvelous. Mr. Rosenthal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only one, which was gained by a Hungarian player named Rakowski, who thus achieved a victory of which he may well be proud.

A Busy Postoffice.

The amount of labor accomplished in the New York Postoffice may be slightly comprehended by the fact that in the year 1873 there were received and delivered 16,500,000 foreign letters, and the total number, foreign and domestic, received in a year, was nearly 60,000,000, making an overhandling, assorting and distributing of 52,000 in the day—the mass, with the papers and bags, weighing over 130,000 pounds. The money order department, in the year 1873, received and distributed $32,500,000, making an average of $95,000 per working day. The annual sale of stamps is over $2,000,000.—*New York Express.*

A STORY OF THE LONDON FOG.—The late heavy fog in London gave rise to to some ridiculous circumstances. One of these is as follows: An old gentleman who had some business at Charing Cross made his way as far as the Strand, but there completely lost himself. He crept slowly on and on without the least idea of where he was going until he was descending some steps. On these steps he plunged against a man who was coming up them. "Hallo!" said the old gentleman. "Hallo!" said the man. "Can you tell me," said the old gentleman, "where I am going to?" "Yes," said the man, "if you go straight on you will walk into the river, for I just came out of it."

General Notes.

CONNECTICUT has 4,547 Odd Fellows.

THERE are 250 different tints of gray displayed in spring dress goods.

ALL the deceased Presidents of the United States, with the exception of Washington, have died within the past forty-eight years.

TWO THOUSAND square miles of superior yellow pine timber, now wholly untouched by the ax, are about to be opened to market in Florida.

THE San Luis (Col.) Park has an area of over 4,000 square miles, being in extent as large as several of the smaller Eastern States combined.

ILLINOIS husbands are on an equality with their wives in relation to property. Instead of courtesy the widower is only to have his dower right of thirds.

A COUNCIL BLUFFS milk dealer has introduced the practice of delivering milk in quart and pint bottles, which can be conveniently placed on ice or in cool water.

THE deacons of the churches in Salem, Oregon, have been appointed special policemen. The congregations will be compelled to behave themselves hereafter.

PHILADELPHIA people are beginning to be anxious about their finances. The debt of the city now amounts to $60,000,000, more than double that of the entire State.

INSCRIPTION on a tombstone in Columbia, Tenn.: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly pup—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

A CALF born in Ludlow, Vt., now no more, had two heads, two necks, two breasts and six legs. If he had lived, what an ornament to the barn-yard he would have been!

THE annual international football match between England and Scotland came off recently at Kennington Oval, in the presence of some 4,000 spectators. The match was won by the Englishmen.

THE story of Cleopatra's pearl has been surpassed. In Saugatuck, Conn., at a supper the other night, about 100 pearls were found in the shell of a roasted oyster, all spoiled, large and small, by the cooking to which they had been subjected.

THE editor of the Golden (Col.) *Globe*, in closing his first volume, says: "If we have hurt any one's feelings or prospects the past year, we're sorry, and if they will come around back of the office some night we'll take it out of them and be friends.

DARWIN D. HALL, a prominent and rich man in St. Johnsbury, Vt., committed suicide the other day "on account of trouble with his hired girl." If everybody having this sort of trouble should do this sort of thing, how tragic would the time become!

MRS. COUGHORN, Marion county, Tenn., aged 113 years, last summer cultivated a patch of corn by her own labors. She goes about wherever she wishes, always walking, and is altogether a fine old Tennessee gentlewoman, all of the olden time.

A LETTER from Italy says that during the three years that Rome has been the capital of reunited Italy, more new houses have been erected than during the preceding 3,000 years, and a greater accession to the population has been made than since the days of the Crusades.

THE Green Bay *Advocate* says J. W. Woodruff, of that city, has a cow that had a calf in January of last year, when she lacked about two months of being two years old. On Thursday of last week she had *three more calves*, making four calves in about fourteen months. All of them are alive and doing well.

Commodore Vanderbilt.

One year after his wife's death Commodore Vanderbilt married Miss Frances Crawford, of Mobile, with whom he lives very happily. His will has been made for nearly twenty years, he making additions or changing it as he thinks proper. Someone once said to him: "You ought to be very careful about your will, Commodore, or where there are such vast interests at stake there may be endless trouble and litigation." To which he is reported as having replied: "What the h—l do I care what they do with the money after I am gone? I shall take good care of it while I am here, and after that it does me no good." Still it is believed that he does care, and that his plan is to preserve the bulk of his fortune in the shape in which he will leave it, at least during the generation that next succeeds him.—*New York Tribune.*

A Remarkable Young Man.

The son of Mr. George Jones, principal owner of the New York *Times*, is a very remarkable young man. Although the offspring of rich parents, he chose, at the age of 18, after a thorough education, to commence at the lowest round of the ladder and climb it without aid. He donned a blue blouse and joined the roughest mechanics in the Morgan Iron Works, where he worked steadily for three years and a half. Step by step he advanced from piler and filer, through all the gradations until he was pronounced a finished workman. He then went into the *Times* establishment as assistant machinist, and, after learning every detail of the business, took charge of the press-room, a position which he now holds.

A Traveled Cent.

The Portland (Me.) *Press* says that five years ago a gentleman in that city scratched his name on a nickel cent and sent it on its travels. Eighteen months after, this cent came into the possession of a Lowell acquaintance, who marked his name upon it. Two years later, it turned up in Pennsylvania, and came into the hands of a former chum of the Portlander. Recognizing the name, he inscribed his also on the coin. One day this week the man who started the cent on its travels was making a purchase in a Lowell store, when the identical nickel which left his pocket five years ago was handed to him in change.

Briggs' Baby.

A contemporary says that Briggs has a boy baby, about ten months old, who is admitted to look just like his father, and to be the smartest boy baby of his age in G street. The other morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat, and started to finish the apple. A bit of the skin got in his throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed the air rolled over on his head.

"Oh, them buttons! He has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother, and she yanked him up and shook him.

"Pound him on the back!" yelled the other woman, trying to hold the baby's legs still.

"Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed his stomach and jogged him about all sorts of ways, until he got mad and went to howling. Then the boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for the doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil, and put a mustard plaster across him and wept over him, and his mother said she could never forgive herself. The doctor was looking serious, and Briggs was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discoverd the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling angel to her bosom, and called him her "wopsy topsy hopsy dropsy popsy little cherub."

Bustin' Music.

Our neighbor Chubb has not much of an ear for music, but he spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano through the open parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked:

"D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music."

Then there was a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more cordant thumping.

"Splendid isn't it?" said Chubb. "Mary Jane's bustin' the music right out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, she's raslin' with now. Just listen."

We remarked that from the energy displayed, Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly right was an open question.

"I don't know nothin' about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I kin sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the Maiden's Prayer until it makes me cry like a child."

We asserted that if she played those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute would shed tears.

"Listen to that now, will you?" exclaimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. Isn't that splendid? If I didn't know it was Mary Jane a-tearing' around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of them fellers who play at the concerts. Let's go over and hear her."

We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb there was a red-haired man, with a fist as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not tell anybody, and we won't. It is related here in confidence, and it must go no further.—*Max Adeler.*

All a Joke.

A young man went into Prince's saloon Friday evening, and called for a glass of liquor. It was handed to him and then he dropped a little powdered magnesia in it from a paper, swallowed the whole deliberately, and placing the glass down looked the attentive Prince in the eye, and said: "I have poisoned myself." "What?" screamed the horrified saloon-keeper. "I have poisoned myself!" repeated the young man in a tragic tone. In an instant Mr. Prince had bounded to his side; in the next instant he had him on the floor, and a man sent for a doctor. The young man struggled to release himself, and protested that it was all a joke. Mr. Prince was too old and too educated a man to be deluded by such artifices. Immediate remedies were called for. Some one suggested a raw egg, and one was procured, and there being no time to bother with a glass, and the victim to the poison writhing to a degree that made holding him an almost impossible undertaking, it was administered in the shell, and so adroitly broken that two thirds of it went into his shirt bosom. A bottle of sweet oil was next emptied into him, his head was briskly rubbed, hot cloths applied to his chest, and his back warmed with a billiard cue. Then Dr. Miles arrived, took in the situation at a glance, applied a stomach pump, and within five minutes the facetiousness and other things in that young man were extracted. On getting to his feet he instinctively felt in his hip pocket for his handkerchief, and appeared to be very much surprised to find it there. He left the saloon vowing vengeance against Mr. Prince and his anxious and earnest helpers. But the story was too much for him the next day, and he quietly disappeared from town.—*Danbury News.*

AN old lady hearing some one reading about a Congressman-at-large, rushed to the kitchen door shouting: "Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane! don't you leave the clothes out all night; mind I tell you; for there's a Congressman at large!"

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD'S LAMENT.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
See her a slave—'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt or known,
Then look within the wine cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try
If all proclaimed—'*Tis drink and die!*

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see or hear or tell
Of the *dark beverage of hell!*

Pith and Point.

NATURAL humbugs—Bees.

SPRING water—April showers.

A HOLLOW mockery—An echo.

PRESSED for time—Egyptian mummies.

A WAG affirms that taking a hack is the first stage of consumption.

THE man who was last seen making a boot for the foot of the stairs is now looking for some chips of the old block to light his fire with.

MR. DIGBY says that, notwithstanding the severity of the season, he has suffered more from a "cold shoulder" than he ever did from a cold winter.

"IF a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

A VETERAN was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow, "my sister Agnes has been engaged eleven times!"

A SPREAD-EAGLE orator of New York wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flown a mile."

THE Sioux Indians are very observant. One of Spotted Tail's followers, who speaks a little English, seeing one of the servant girls of a hotel in New York take off her chignon, exclaimed: "How! White woman raise her own scalp? Indian no good here!"

A CLERGYMAN, at the examination of the young scholars of his Sunday-school, put the following question: "Why did the people of Israel set up a golden calf?" "Because they hadn't money enough to set up an ox," was the reply of a little chap, who took a dollar-and-cents view of the matter.

WE find the following touching verse in the Baltimore *American:*

The train that brought his wife came down
And then went sweeping on.
But, woe to him, his wife had brought
His mother-in-law along.
He lived, for life may well be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain.
But this last streak just settled him—
He never smiled again.

"MY dear," said Mr. B. to his wife, while his smiling countenance indicated the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured for your benefit." "Well, I declare," said Mrs. B., looking round upon her family and friends with an expression of injured innocence, "just to think of the selfishness of men, and particularly of husbands. There you have been and had your life insured, while your poor wife may go without any insurance on hers. It's just what I would expect of you!"

Table Etiquette.

1. See that those about you are helped before you commence eating yourself.
2. Do not eat soup from the tip, but the side, of the spoon.
3. On passing your plate to be replenished, retain the knife and fork.
4. Wipe the mouth before drinking.
5. Remove the teaspoon from the cup before drinking tea or coffee.
6. Use the knife only in cutting the food; do not raise it to the mouth.
7. Eat slowly; rapid eating is unhealthy.
8. If you find anything unpleasant in your food, avoid calling the attention of others to it.
9. Close the lips when chewing.
10. Keep your elbows off the table.
11. Do not speak with food in your mouth.
12. When asked to help your neighbor do not shove, but hand, the plate to him.
13. Do not turn your head and stare about the room.
14. If any one at the table makes a mistake, take the least possible notice of it.

A Missing Leg.

A man's leg which had been neatly amputated by a locomotive at Newark, N. J., on last Monday, was carried by the engine to Bristol, Pa. (about 100 miles), and when the engineer discovered the limb on the cowcatcher, he kindly inquired by telegraph all along the line whether anybody had missed a leg. Newark answered "yes," and the leg was promptly returned. It was too late, however, to be of any service, for the former owner was dead. But, then, it was an exhibition of touching tenderness on the part of the engineer who took it off.

The White-House.

The social and vital statistics of the White-House are reported as follows: One marriage, Miss Maria Monroe, daughter of the President, to Mr. Gouverneur, in 1820. Two Presidents have died in the house, and a third, Mr. Lincoln, killed elsewhere, was laid in state in the East-Room. Several children have died at the White-House, but it has welcomed the advent of but one newborn baby, James Madison Randolph, the grandson of Thomas Jefferson.